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No. IX

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Barnard Class-Poem

"Non sibi sed omnibus."-Class Motto

As one who, some eager day,
On a journey scarce begun,
Sees in the far-away
A peak that shines in the sun,
And, knowing he may not stay till that topmost
crest be won,

Straightway begins his course
To win to the far-off goal,
That with the joy, the force
Of the newly-attaining soul
He may see from his peak new worlds and unspoken oceans roll—

So have we climbed the road

To our distant-seen degree;

And, undaunted by the load

Of a ponderous A.B.

We stand at last on the height whence we thought to behold the sea.

Is it the summit here
That we saw four years ago?
But where is the vision clear,
The things that we thought to know?
Ah, where are the roses of yester-year, and where is the winter's snow!

This? But a foot-hill gained!

And beyond us, crest on crest,
Rise summits unattained,

And we dare not pause or rest

Would we glimpse the infinite sea and wisdom's
untrodden west.

Yet, as we stand to-day
On this little higher ground,
Some widening of survey
Lies in our vision's bound,
And we see more far, and more clear do we look
on the world around.

Not with the eyes of the seer—

For the gaze of the seer is far,

And he leaves the dusk of the near

To exult in a distant star.

It is ours to hope and to fear in the world where our brothers are.

Not with the eyes of the man—

For his is the gaze of power,

And kingdoms within his plan

Wax or wane in an hour.

We have no part to play where storm-clouds of conquest lower.

Just with the woman's eyes

Look we abroad on life—

Tranquil, not over-wise,

Fearless in face of strife,

Yet with no will to go where faction and foe are rife.

Striving to see aright,
So that we play our part
With the woman's utmost might
Of ready hand and heart,
Whether we reach life's height or toil in its busy
mart.

That, wheresoe'er our way,
We stand as our mothers stood,
Meeting the need of to-day
With as noble a womanhood,
Content if our children say their mothers were wise and good.

Wisdom be ours, in sooth,
Wider than now we see,
That with our range of truth
May broaden our sympathy,
And the things that are may teach us to win the
things that may be.

And, as we upward yearn
To answer the mountain's call,
Ever our hearts must turn
To our Alma Mater's hall,
And for aye she shall bid us learn "not for ourselves, but for all."

Jeannette Bliss Gillespy





HANKSGIVING DAY is at hand and Columbia men will appreciate it. To be sure we have already had, and are still having, one thanksgiving which began with the Princeton game and is still continuing, but we will be glad to have the nation share to some degree in our joy. We have good cause to be thankful this year. Another one of the so-called "Big Four" has been sacrificed on the altar of Columbia football and the fence of South Field on which is printed our athletic library, has received another equally valuable decoration.

South Field is certainly a beautiful sight for all Columbia men at present and one calculated to promote harmony and good feeling between Princeton and Yale, if not cheerfulness. While waiting, however, for next Fall to bring the belated portion of Yale's forty points and the untold things that Princeton was to do, let us see a winning crew at Poughkeepsie once more.

OUR esteemed contemporary, the "Evening Sun," contained the other day an extraordinary editorial called "Dr. Low's Young Men, Brace Up." This remarkable contribution to journalistic literature began with the statement that "a distinct improvement had taken place in Columbia as an institution," which we are quite willing to grant and which we think will also be conceded, though perhaps less gracefully, by Yale

and Princeton. The next statement, however, that "when down-town the College was lost in the shuffle," we had not been aware of before. This is mild, though, compared to the calm announcement that "the cheers of the losing Princeton partisans on Election Day had much more go in them than those of the sons of Columbia whose team was winning," and that "Columbia's young men were without much enthusiasm." As the "Morning Sun" stated that "the members of the victorious eleven received an ovation, the equal of which has never been seen in this city," and that "several thousand Columbia men cheered incessantly and altogether gave their team the most enthusiastic support," we are somewhat at a loss to reconcile these views. If the brilliant composer of the editorial in question can from the seclusion of his study reveal the hidden connection between his production and the facts we shall be most glad to learn it. In the meantime we humbly recommend the "Evening Sun" to confine its attentions to some other of its many pet aversions and leave Columbia and college affairs to more competent critics.

Now that athletics are giving Columbia so much to rejoice over, we are glad to say that the scholastic end of the University is also keeping pace with the times. To all who have ever come in contact with Professor Woodberry or his department, the opening of the course in "Aspects of Modern Poetry" is good news. The only regret is that the course, which is so interesting and useful, should be "intended especially for teachers and auditors," an announcement which cannot fail to throw a damper on its bright prospects and sadden and discourage the most literary of the undergraduates. "Teachers and auditors" are very good in their way, but they are not Columbia, and Columbia needs all it can get of Professor Woodberry.

Quatrain

She lived within my favor; at my smile

Her love burst forth in anguished ecstasy.

Now she is dead to all the world; yet while

She lived she had her life in love of me.

G, H, D

Football Triolet

Now, what the deuce would you do When the umpire's by, If the duffer swats you? What the deuce could you do? Could you give him one too, And then swear 'tis a lie? What the h—ll could you do When the umpire's by?

The Heart of the Princess Ozra

THE SAD TALE OF THE SEVENTH

OW it was come lent of the tenth year of the good King Rudolph's reign, and the Princess Ozra was sad at heart for what misery there had been throughout the year to all the men of Strelsau by

reason of her wondrous beauty; and so, now that the holy season of lent was come, she determined to array herself in simple garments, and wear her hair straight back in unbecoming wise, and count her beads morning and noon and night, that the good Lord might make to fall from her the veil of enchantment which wrought such injury to the hearts of mankind.

The more so did she this that in this same season there came to the good town of Strelsau, to preach in the Cathedral of the city, a young preacher by the name of Father Hieronymus who awakened the souls and consciences of the good people with his preaching as no other, and certainly not the good and comfortable old Father Benedictinus, had ever done before him. No one there was, that is to say, no woman that heard him, but her fair soul was moved to tears; and the men, not less moved than the women, set their teeth and thrust their hands deeper into their leather pouches for alms-money. The church was crowded unto the very door with worshippers at high mass for to hear their sins torn from them and cast in their faces; and many a fair lady blushed beneath her paint to have her secrets laid bare; but some there were that then and there pulled off their furbelows and ribbons and cast them out into the street and made an holocaust of them; while others undid their velvet mantles and flung these over the shoulders of a shivering beggar; and yet another filled the hands of street children with confetti—whose hands had not felt bread for many a day. Simplicity became of high fashion, and them that it well became dressed them like nuns, and cast their eyes dolorously to heaven, and caused no less havoc on earth than before by reason of this; and great was the wailing and gnashing of teeth, each repenting of her sin in her own fantastic style, that, God be praised, Strelsau had not seen the like since the first crusade.

Now, the Princess Ozra, whose sins saddened her soul so grievously, was not the least zealous of the lenten worshippers, and daily she went to hear high mass and pray and weep at the high words of Father Hieronymus; and even King Rudolph, her brother, at last said, "Sister, you grow pale with prayer and fasting, and this religious humbug." For Rudolph was a hardened sinner. But Ozra sighed and said, "I am a sad sinner, brother." Whereat Rudolph laughed and snatched her coral beads from her hands and wound them thrice about her throat, so that she looked rosy and fresh as a water-lily, and cried, "Sister, thou wilt never do for a sinner;" and, laughing, went from the room.

Ozra could not resist the temptation of looking at herself in the steel mirror which hung on the wall, for a moment, and smiled at herself, and then sighed and pulled off the beads and commenced counting them again sadly. At last she rose with decided mien, and seized a long cloak and veil, and wrapping her fair body and head in both so that none should know her, she made her way from her room, through the palace out into the street, and threaded her way slowly through the thronged thoroughfare to the Cathedral.

Father Hieronymus' eloquence had reached its highest degree. He was even like one of the ancient prophets on that day, standing in the full flood of light that fell from the great northern window of the Cathedral, and calling down destruction on the heads of unrepentant sinners. Father Hieronymus was in truth no ill-favored man and his eyes flashed and flamed mightily, so that it was grand to see; yet, God forbid that any should think to chide him for this, which is no earthly vanity, but cometh from heaven and cannot be cast into the fire with other human follies, and you may be sure the good women of Strelsau listened no less attentively for that. Indeed, when the last words of the preacher fell across the quiet of the great Cathedral, except for the sound of choked sobbing here and there, one could have almost heard the flapping of Satan's wings as he fled through the open door.

And after this arose a great confusion and striving, for it was the desire of every one to be confessed and cleansed of his sin by him who had preached so wondrously, wherefore beggar and princess, fair ladie and foul jostled one the other in order that she might reach the confessional soonest. Fine raiment ne'er had had so close acquaintanceship with poor man's rags as now, and from noontide till near the setting of the sun the holy father washed them clean of their transgressions, and sent them home with the hope of heaven in their hearts—and their vanities very prettily stripped from them. It was late in the afternoon when the last, a poor peasant woman, knelt before him.

"Father," she said, "I have brought them all. Here is the little locket which opens so wondrously of itself when one presses here; it cost my Hans a good guilder and was a bargain too; here is my ring of real pearl and my bracelets and spangles and earrings and brass pins, and the good Master will save my soul, will he not now, and Hans', too?"

"But is that all?" demanded Hieronymus, sternly. Ternina hung her head. "I must have all, or nothing." Ternina

pulled out a pair of miserable paste buckles from her pocket.

"There, take them. They were my little sister, Perdita's, and it's hard of the good Lord to take everything and not leave even Perdita's buckles which she was so fond of; and how often have I boxed her ears for wearing them when she was milking the cow, for fear she might spill the new milk over them. Lord help me."

"'Tis the more reason to take them from her," said Hieronymus. "Now, heaven bless you; your sins are fallen from you. Wend your way homeward."

Poor Ternina arose from her knees and shuffled and snuffled slowly away.

Hieronymus, at last done with his work, turned full of weariness, but radiant, toward the sun setting across the Danube. Just then he heard the rustling of a woman's dress, and looking around he saw the Princess Ozra kneeling on the steps of the confessional. Despite her simple garments she was not unbeautiful in the dusk, her red hair shining like a halo about her head.

"Father, I have come to confess my sins," she said, softly. Hieronymus looked at her for a moment, silently. "I am ready to hear them, my daughter," he said.

"Father, I am a great sinner," quoth the Princess.

"Thus are we all, daughter."

"But I am worse than the others. Many are my sins, but of these six weigh my soul down most and I have come to you, whom I have heard console sinners so often, that you may wash me even clean of them."

"I am listening, my daughter."

Princess Ozra heaved a deep sigh.

"My father," she said, at last, "am I, in truth, so very beautiful?"

Hieronymus flushed despite himself.

"My daughter," quoth he, brusquely, "I know naught of outward beauty."

"But that," replied the Princess, "is my chief sin. How can I help but smile, and when I smile all men bethink them that I smile on them. My glance is poison. I cannot always cast mine eyes on the ground, can I, father?"

Ozra looked up at him beseechingly.

Hieronymus, casting his own eyes down, said, "If the gifts of heaven be not misused, there can be no sin in them."

"And yet the souls of six brave men lie at my door," quoth she, sadly, "and for no other reason. And many others more have I wounded beyond any more happiness."

"Tell me then the story of the first of the six that I may thereby judge."

And then Ozra, in doleful wise, recalled the sorrowful story of him who had been the King's armorer; and Hieronymus watched the breeze come in through the window and play with a strand of her hair, and more than once she stopped and said, "But, father, you are not listening;" and each time he said that he heard all. At last, with a deep sigh, she ceased.

"My daughter," Hieronymus said, "it was his sin. He looked too high—may Christ forgive him. I absolve thee. Come you to-morrow and tell me the story of the second."

And on the morrow, after all the others had departed, Ozra came once more. But on that day Hieronymus appeared pale and wan, as if sleep had not come to him that night. Nevertheless, she told him the sad tale of the second, of the Count, and once more Hieronymus said, "May Christ forgive him, the sin is not in you." And so each day for five days; and each day Hieronymus was more pale and wan. He had the semblance of one who, haunted of Satan, fasteth much and scourgeth himself both day and night that the foul fiend may

not take him by the throat. And each day Ozra told the story of one of her dead lovers and each day Hieronymus cried, "Now Christ forgive him, the sin is not in you."

But on the sixth day Ozra came again to Hieronymus and told him the lamentable story of the sixth and when she ceased, this time he said, "I absolve thee from blame, but may Christ comfort him."

Ozra looked up at him wonderingly then; of a sudden he seized her hand, and burnt a kiss on it and was gone.

But Ozra rose after a moment, sadly smiling, and stole out of the church.

Hieronymus, late in the day, was striding up and down his cell and anguish was in his heart. His brow was flushed and his hand trembled; and the old pew opener, who heard him muttering, said to his wife, "I mistake me much if we don't have another fine sermon to-morrow. These are generous days for our holy church, Matilda. I took in twenty marks of trink-geld to-day. Go you and get a stoup of new wine and a good knack-wurst. We can live well of these lenten times, of God's will."

Ozra was sitting in deep meditation in her own room. Her maid of honor was near by chattering idle court and town gossip.

"Oh! what a discourse was that last Sunday," said the Countess. "In truth, it made me weep much. What a stern priest! I should never wish to confess to him, would you? Truly, he seemeth as though he never hath had a love affair."

"Countess, you talk nonsense," quoth the Princess, somewhat testily.

Thereupon there was a short silence. Somebody knocked at the door. The Countess opened it; King Rudolph came in. "Ozra," he said, "'for heaven, where were you this afternoon? The guards of the palace have been turning the city over to find you. You know I want no more such scandal as there was with my armorer."

"Your Majesty," said Ozra, proudly, "it appears to me that your sister's honor lies safest in your sister's care."

"Well, well," said the King, "I am of the hope, at least, that you weren't praying again. But, listen. What tumult is that in the street?"

He went to the window. Down below in the street there was a great throng of singing and praying people.

"See," cried Rudolph, "see who they are carrying on their shoulders. By my faith, 'tis the mad priest."

Truly, it was Hieronymus, swaying this way and that on the top of the mob. But his hands hung limp at his side, and his head was sunk on his breast. Only once did he look up; and in the glare of the torches his face was ghastly.

"How like the picture of Christ he seems," whispered the Countess.

But it was only for a moment that they saw his face and then the multitude of people swept on through the street and he was gone.

"What ails thee, Ozra?" asked Rudolph. "Whence these two tears? Oh! Ozra, Ozra," he said, gently, "thy reckoning will be a heavy one to pay when that the time comes."

For well he knew his sister Ozra, and saying nothing more he kissed her on the brow and went away.

* * * *

Another day was come and another sermon had been given, yet quite different from the first. For those who came to hear a denunciation of their sins went away complaining that they had only their trouble for their pains; whilst some few went

home wiser than they came, according to their own words. Only Hans, the pew opener, grumbled that he had but two guilders trink-geld and there was naught but sour black-bread that day for supper.

The sun was again setting in the west when the peasant woman, Ternina, knelt to confess to Father Hieronymus.

"I was wrong about those buckles," he said, as soon as he saw her, holding out to her the two buckles. "Give them back again to pretty little Perdita and tell her to wear them."

Ternina commenced crying, softly. "Perdita is dead two days come to-morrow of the small pox, and she died a-crying for her pretty buckles, though now she might have had them all the time; and I held her hand till she was dead, a-crying for her pretty buckles. God help me——"

Ternina at last was gone and Father Hieronymus looked wearily out at the setting sun. Of a sudden he heard the rustle of a woman's dress, and turning, beheld once more, kneeling at his feet, the Princess Ozra.

- "Father," she said, softly, "I have come to confess my last sin. It is the story of the seventh, and the most grievous sin of all; for it is the story of the priest. 'Twas to one I made confession six days and on the sixth he loved me, yet 'twas no fault of his; for my unhappy beauty tempted him, in vain for five days, but on the sixth he fell. No blame is his. Yet, canst thou assoil me?"
 - "May God assoil thee, lady," quoth Hieronymus.
- "Ah! me," quoth she, "'tis more easy, I see, for God than man to forgive. Would you not forgive were you in his place?"
- "We forgive the sins of others, as we hope to be forgiven our own."
- "No, not thus would he have said. For this priest loved and he could not have been so niggardly."
 - "I forgive," quoth Hieronymus.

"Aye, he would have spoken thus," quoth she; "And then would I have said to him, 'Go thou away to a quiet cloister in the south country where the sun will steal thy sorrow from thee, and thou wilt grow old gently,' and I would have undone these coral beads as I do now, and as now I give them thee, so would I have given them to him, and said, 'Take thou these beads that neither at matins nor vespers thou mayest forget me, for thus would I have it.'"

She paused in sudden wise, and then, in an instant, was gone, and Father Hieronymus held the beads in his hand.

Homer Lyttleton



Sea-Love

This for my love of the sea,

Of the roll and the dash of the breakers,

Of the sting of the salt-laden wind,

And the toss of the sand by its makers.

This is my heart's desire,

To live by the limitless ocean,
And fill my hungering soul

With its light and its color and motion.

Thus would I love to live
In the breath of the ocean's calling.
Thus would I love to die
Asleep on the tide at its falling.

R. C. G.

The Folly of Burton

FTER tea, Burton strolled down the path and joined Mrs. Hathaway, who was seated on the horse-block.

"It certainly is great, isn't it?" he remarked, ambiguously, after puffing silently at his pipe for a few moments.

"What," inquired Mrs. Hathaway, "the sunset?"

"No;" he answered, "the perfect peace that comes to one when his inner man is satisfied, when his pipe leaves nothing to be desired, and when he is sitting next the woman he loves." He gazed sentimentally at a large green caterpillar that was painfully working its way across the road.

"Apropos of what is all this?" asked Mrs. Hathaway.

"Why, apropos of me, of course," replied Burton.

Mrs. Hathaway laughed, then said, severely, "Young man, do you realize that you are addressing your remarks to a married woman?"

Burton groaned. "Haven't I been trying to forget that very unpleasant fact ever since I knew you? Your continual reminders are most unkind."

"Well," she said, "I am beginning to get worried about you; you really ought not talk that way, you know."

After this Burton was silent for so long that Mrs. Hathaway looked at him anxiously.

"Mrs. Hathaway," he finally began, thoughtfully, "when I was a very small boy, years and years ago"—he looked reproachfully at Mrs. Hathaway, who was vainly trying to repress a smile—"years and years ago," he repeated, defiantly, "they tell me I longed for the moon and wept bitter tears because I could not have it. As I grew into short

trousers and long curls, I still cried for things beyond my reach; now, when I am a 'man growed,' the same thing holds true. All of which," he added, sententiously, "is an allegory."

"When little boys cry for the moon," remarked Mrs. Hathaway, "they get spanked; and when big boys cry for other things, equally unattainable, they get—they get—"

"Thrown down so hard they see stars," murmured Burton, dreamily. "It doesn't do any good, though."

"Why don't you try to overcome your childish whims and longings, and be a man?"

"That," responded Burton, calmly, "is a subject on which my respected parents are wont to dilate, even to excess."

"It's very sensible advice."

"Yes, I know. Everything you say is sensible. But," he went on, hurriedly, before she had time to reply, "it's rather good fun to desire the unattainable. In a case like mine, for instance, you can get so artistically wretched at times, don't you know, when you sit by the window and look at the moon, with a dull ache in your heart and a dry sob in your throat. O, it's just lovely."

"Well, you certainly are the strangest boy I ever met," exclaimed Mrs. Hathaway, rising. "Now, run away; I am going to the stables to get weighed."

"Good idea," responded Burton. "May I go along? You need a protector, you know, from the unseen perils that lurk in the blackberry bushes and behind the hedge. Besides, I have an idea that I have gained a few pounds since tea."

"I should think you might have. Your love-lorn condition does not appear to affect your appetite."

"My heart, Mrs. Hathaway, is set so high that it has no effect on so trivial a thing as digestion."

"Very pretty, sir, if that was meant for me. But, is it? You remarked at tea that you had lost your heart to the waffles."

"The way you treasure my most trivial remarks fills me with delight. The answer to your question, however, is so obvious, as to be hardly worth discussing."

After the weighing process had been successfully accomplished, Mrs. Hathaway started for the door, while Burton stood, with his hands in his pockets, gazing abstractedly at the scales. She turned and asked him what was the matter.

"I was wishing," he replied, "that these scales were a trifle less bulky, so that I could take them home and use them as a paper-weight."

"What an idea!"

"Not at all. They would make a very interesting memento. And when people asked me what those scales were for, I, with a sad, mysterious expression, should reply, 'Pray, don't question me; they remind me of the sweetest, yet most bitter period of my life;' thereby gaining unto myself much kudos, as being a man with a past. But, I say!" he exclaimed, as Mrs. Hathaway started down the path, "you're not going back to the house. It's much too fine a night to go in so soon. Let's walk down to the bridge."

Mrs. Hathaway stopped, hesitating. "I don't know whether I ought to or not," she said, doubtfully; then, after a moment, "O, well, I suppose it's all right, you're so young, you know."

"I begin to see advantages in extreme youth that never presented themselves to me before. Now, if I were only sixteen instead of twenty, there's no telling how far I might go."

He glanced at her, smiling. She tried to look severe.

"There, young man, that will do. A little imagination is a dangerous thing."

Reaching the bridge they sat down on a fallen tree trunk and gazed in silence at the water, which shone clear and white in the moonlight, except where, near the banks, the overhanging trees cast their dark shadows on its surface. Mrs. Hathaway leaned forward, looking fixedly toward the head of the pool, where the stream rippled around a sharp curve before emptying into the quiet stretch below. Burton, with his hand clasped about his knee, looked as fixedly at her.

"It seems to me," he thought, "that this matter is getting too serious to be laughable. However, there's no use in letting her know that it has really gone beyond the joking stage, because then it would have to stop right here."

"And so," he added, aloud, half-sentimentally, half-mockingly, "I must e'en reconcile myself to fate, and be content to drag out my dreary life as best I may."

"What are you talking about?" exclaimed Mrs. Hathaway, turning around.

"I was merely quoting from a book."

"And applying it to yourself?"

"Not yet, but I live in hope."

"O, do try to be sensible for a little while," she urged. "But aren't you cold? My hands are like ice."

"Now, if only things were different," he replied, "I might offer to warm them for you."

"O, would I were a girl again," sighed Mrs. Hathaway, laughingly.

"Would that you were. I'd propose instanter."

"How thoughtful of you. Do you say these nice things to every girl you go walking with?"

"That is cruel. You are my first and only love."

"I suppose you got that out of the same book."

"Must I confess? I did. But in this case the quotation is not only apt, but true."

"Really," said Mrs. Hathaway, "I do feel flattered. But, as you persist in talking nonsense, I am going home." Turning her back, she walked down the path.

"I am sorry if I bored you," said Burton, as he overtook her.

"O, you did not bore me," she replied. "You're rather good fun. But it is getting too late to stay out. People will begin to speak of me as the 'frivolous Mrs. Hathaway."

"People are most annoying."

"But still they must be considered."

"Yes, I consider them—as unmitigated nuisances. But let's forget that there are any other people in the world and—I beg your pardon; there I go again. I will be sensible. Are you going to play golf with me to-morrow?"

"Well, I don't know. Still, I suppose I might as well, if nothing better turns up. You're not bad as a caddy."

"O, thank you! Your enthusiasm is so gratifying."

As they entered the house Mrs. Hathaway glanced at the clock in the hall and exclaimed, "Why, it's after ten! I had no idea it was so late; and my letter to Mr. Hathaway not yet written. I must go right up. Good-night, Mr. Burton;" and she started up the stairs.

"Good-night," answered Burton, gazing after her, wistfully.

Gaining the landing, she hesitated, turned, and said, looking down at him, "Mr. Burton, I—I didn't mean what I said about your caddying, and I shall be only too delighted to play with you to-morrow. Good-night, again." She disappeared around the corner of the hall.

Burton wandered outside for one last pipe, musing long over the injustice of life, and the mysteries of love, while the Katydids, in the maples overhead, kept up their unceasing discussion as to whether "she did" or "she didn't," whether "she does" or "she doesn't"—a question that has troubled, still troubles, and will ever continue to trouble, beings of far greater importance than the little green Katydid.

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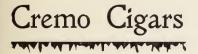
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